

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 61.—No. 28.

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1883.

Price 4d. Unstamped.
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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN (LIMITED).

Last Grand Morning Performance.

THIS DAY (SATURDAY), July 14, at Two o'clock, will be performed LA SONNAMBULA. M^{me} Albani; Signor De Reszke and Signor Ravelli. Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), July 14, at 8.30, LA GAZZA LADRA. M^{me} Adeline Patti, M^{me} Scalchi; Signor Frapoli, Mons. Gailhard, and Signor Cotogni. Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI.

LAST WEEK OF THE SEASON.

MONDAY Next, July 16, at 8.30, THE FLYING DUTCHMAN. M^{me} Albani, M^{me} Devoyod, De Reszke, Soula Croix, and Ravelli. Conductor—M. DUPONT.

TUESDAY, July 17, at 8.30 (Gala Night of M^{me} Adeline Patti), LA TRAVIATA. M^{me} Adeline Patti, Signor Cotogni, and Signor Nicolini. Conductor—M. DUPONT.

WEDNESDAY, July 18, at 8.15, FAUST E MARGHERITA (last time this season). M^{me} Albani, M^{me} Scalchi, M^{me} Devoyod, De Reszke, and Marconi. Conductor—M. DUPONT.

THURSDAY, July 19, at 8, LA GIOCONDA (last time this season). M^{me} Maria Durand, M^{me} Tremelli, M^{me} Stahl, Signori Cotogni, De Reszke, and Marconi. Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI.

FRIDAY, July 20, at 8.20, Benefit and last appearance this season of M^{me} Albani, RIGOLETTO. M^{me} Albani, M^{me} Scalchi, M^{me} Devoyod, Mouti, and Ravelli. Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI.

Last Night of the Season.

SATURDAY, July 21, at 8.30, Last appearance this season of M^{me} Adeline Patti, IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA. M^{me} Adeline Patti, Signori Cotogni, De Reszke, and Nicolini. Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI. After the opera the National Anthem will be sung. Solo, M^{me} Adeline Patti.

Doors open half-an-hour before the performance commences.

The Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten till Five. Orchestra Stalls, £1 1s.; Side Boxes on the first tier, £3 3s.; Upper Boxes, £2 12s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 15s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

MDME LIEBHART'S MATINÉE MUSICALE will take place on **TUESDAY next, July 17th, at 1, BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.** (by kind permission of Mr and Mrs SASSOON), at Three o'clock. Artists: Miss Irma di Murska (her only appearance this season), M^{me} Rose Hersee, Miss Carlotta Elliot, M^{me} Barbi, Miss Emeline Lewis, Miss Eva Lynn, M^{me} Bentham, M^{me} Louise Labache, and M^{me} Liebhart; Signor L. Parisotti, Mr Levetti, Mr D'Arcy Ferris, and Mr Abercrombie, Mr Edouard de Lara, Signor Vergara, Mr Cattermole, Mr Walter Clifford, and Mr Barrington Foote; Mr Grossmith (by kind permission of D'Oyly Carte, Esq.). Solo Pianoforte—Mr W. Ganz and Herr Bonawitz. Violin—Herr Poznanski. Harp—Mr Charles Oberthur. Conductors—Mr Ganz and Mr Kuhe, Signor Visetti, Signor Caracolo, Mr Alfred B. Allen, Signor Denza, and Signor Romili. Tickets, One Guinea each, may be obtained of Messrs Chappell & Co., New Bond Street; and of M^{me} Liebhart, 67, Warwick Road, Maida Vale, W.

HERR S. LEHMEYER'S SECOND PIANOFORTE RECITAL, at 62, HARLEY STREET, Cavendish Square, by kind permission of M^{me} DE MARZAK, July 17th, at Three, when he will introduce some of his Pupils. Artists—M^{me} Mathilde Zimeri, Miss Clara Myers, and M^{me} de Tejada; Mr Harvey Jones (tenor) and Herr Otto Leu (violinello). Conductors—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT, Signor ROMILLI, and Mr GANZ.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT will play, on Friday and Saturday, July 13th and 14th, at Three o'clock, at Clarendon House, 175, Bond Street (for the Literary and Artistic Society), works by Bach, Corelli, Chopin, Schumann, Scarlatti, and Liszt; also, by special desire, her Etude de Salon, "THE STREAMLET." A Broadwood iron grand pianoforte will be used.—38, Oakley Square.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT'S "CARNIVAL OF VENICE."
WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S "OH BUY MY FLOWERS."

MDME REEVES will sing BENEDICT'S Variations on the "CARNIVAL OF VENICE," and WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S "OH BUY MY FLOWERS," at New Malden, on July 26th.

ASCHER'S FANTAISIE "ALICE."

MDME REEVES will play (by desire) ASCHER'S Romance, "ALICE," at New Malden, on July 26th.

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Mr BERNARD LANE, Signor MONARI ROCCA.
MUSICAL SKETCH—Mr FRANK LINCOLN, American Humourist.

Instrumentalists.

M^{me} HELENE DE LISLE (Violin), Mr KUHE (Piano),
Herr CURT SCHULZ (Zitherist to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales),
Herr SCHUBERTH (Violoncello),
Mr JOHN THOMAS (Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen).

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(Chancery Division), made in an Action in the Matter of the Estate of MARY ANN FRANCES SHEARD, Deceased, and in the Matter of the Estate of CHARLES SHEARD, Deceased, "WEISS v. SHEARD," 1883, S. No. 2251, the CREDITORS of MARY ANN FRANCES SHEARD, late of No. 192, High Holborn, in the county of Middlesex, widow (who died on or about the 21st day of November, 1881), and the Creditors of CHARLES SHEARD, late of 192, High Holborn aforesaid, Music Publisher (who died on or about the 26th day of February, 1873), are, on or before the 1st day of September, 1883, to send by post, prepaid, to Mr CHRISTOPHER PAGE DENE, of 3, Union Court, Old Broad Street, in the City of London, the Solicitor of the Defendants, their Christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, and against which of the above Estates, a Statement of their Accounts and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them, or in default thereof they will be preemptorily excluded from the benefit of the said Judgment. Every Creditor holding any Security is to produce the same before the Honourable Mr Justice PEARSON, at his Chambers, situated the Royal Courts of Justice, Strand, Middlesex, on Thursday, the 8th day of November, 1883, at Twelve o'clock at Noon, being the time appointed for adjudicating on the Claims.—Dated this 11th day of July, 1883.

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Music by J. L. HATTON. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MINNIE HAUKE.

(From a "Hub" correspondent.)



"What is your crest?—a coxcomb?"

—Taming of the Shrew.



MINNIE HAUKE.

(From an American correspondent.)

Minnie Hauke has bought the lease of a charming villa near the Bois de Boulogne, in Paris, where she intends residing during her holidays (which are not very long, by the way, never extending over more than two months in the year). She intends revisiting London next season, to sing at concerts, and especially in oratorio, in which she has obtained very remarkable successes lately in America, as previously at Vienna and Berlin. Minnie will be always welcome to London *dilettanti*, especially when she can find occasion to repeat her triumphs in her incomparable impersonation of Carmen, to which she has recently added, in America and elsewhere, a not less strikingly characteristic impersonation of Selika, in the *Africaine*.

G. F. E.



SETTINGS of *Faust* furnished many composers before Gounod with librettos. Strauss (not Strauss of Waltz celebrity) and Spohr each produced a *Faust* in 1814; Lickl, in 1815; Seyfried, in 1820; Bishop, in 1825; Beaucourt, in 1827; Lindpaintner and Angelica Bertin, in 1831; Pellaert, in 1834; Rietz, in 1836; and Gordigiani, in 1837. (Spohr's *Faust* had nothing to do with Goethe's poem.—Dr Blüme.)

VIENNA (correspondence).—Ernst Löwenberg, the pianist, appointed Professor of the Piano in the Conservatory, Vienna, enters on his duties in the autumn.—The Society of the Friends of Music have conferred the title of "Professor" on M^{me} Dustmann and Herr Röss, both members of the educational staff in the Conservatory.—Up to the present time subscriptions for the Mozart Monument amount to 49,752 florins, 94 kreuzers.

SETTINGS OF "SEMIRAMIDE."

According to the *Trovatore* 26 composers took *Semiramide* for a subject before Rossini, and one after him. The first *Semiramide*, music by Andrea Ziani, dates from 1671; then came Strungk, in 1684; Aldovandrini, in 1701; Pollarolli, in 1714; Destouches, in 1718; Caldare, in 1725; Vivaldi, in 1732; Araja, in 1738; Aliprandi, in 1740; Hasse, in 1747; Delle Dame, in 1750; Jomelli, in 1752; Graun, in 1754; Sacchini, in 1762; Guglielmi, in 1765; Paisiello, in 1773; Salieri, in 1784; Prati and Martellari, in 1785; Gyrowetz, in 1790; Nasolini, in 1792; Himmel, in 1795; Bianchi, in 1798; Cimarosa, in 1799; Portogallo and Catel, in 1802; Rossini, in 1823; and Garcia, in 1828. There are also seven other settings, not so well known, emanating from Vinci, in 1723; Porpora, 1729; Gluck, 1748; Cocchi, 1753; Tracta, 1765; Sarti, 1768; and Meyerbeer, 1819.

The *Semiramis* of Himmel, who, next to J. L. Dussek, pianist and composer, was the most favoured boon-companion of the unlucky Prince Ferdinand of Prussia, was said by a critic of the period to contain music enough for a dozen operas; while Schubert, alluding to the *Semiramis* of Catel, in one of his letters, talks of the music as something reported to be "indescribably magnificent." Yet not a note of either would be recognized now. In the days of the "King's Theatre" (before Rossini) the accepted *Semiramide* was Portogallo's. (Give me Pollarolli.—Dr Bfänge.)

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

After lying "on the shelf" for fourteen years, Rossini's Milan opera, *La Gazza Ladra*, was taken down, refurbished up, and once more presented on Thursday evening. No special significance belongs to this act. It simply means that Madame Adelina Patti, having years ago made a great success as Ninetta, and desiring to strengthen her present repertory, chose to play Ninetta again. We are not justified, therefore, in treating the matter seriously, as though it were evidence of any movement in public taste. Nevertheless, the reproduction of a work in Rossini's purest Italian style, and the favour with which it was received by a crowded and brilliant audience, supplied food for thought. One could imagine with pity the astonishment and distress of those who for years past have been trying to exalt the lyric drama according as they conceive exaltation. How mortifying that all their efforts had done no more than put a thin veneer over the public taste, and that opera-goers are just as ready as ever they were to applaud pretty tunes, and be charmed by simple music, without asking questions concerning which controversy has raged, it would seem, to little purpose. For ourselves we feel no distress, because we do not believe that art or public taste suffers by the revival of works like *La Gazza Ladra*. Antiquated that opera certainly is; so is Handel's *Messiah*; and no composer of the present day would take either as a model, even if successful imitations lay within his means. Are all the masterpieces of the past to remain mere curiosities of the library, because we have discovered what we conceive to be a better way? The idea is essentially absurd, yet the question would receive an affirmative answer from an aggressive class who desire to cast the lyric drama in their own mould, and make penal the use of any other. We wish there were more revivals, and that the bringing out of *La Gazza Ladra*, instead of arising from the whim of a *prima donna*, were the consequence of a spirit such as would give us the masterpieces of old. That will come some time. No more than any other art can music do without the eclecticism which reverences whatever is good of its kind, and was great in its day. The wide taste just referred to is a source of health, for often by the merits of the past we can correct the defects of the present. In the case of *La Gazza Ladra*, this possibility is conspicuous. The graceful music may often be inappropriate to the dramatic situation, but would that some of its charm were fashionable now. "On a remplace tout cela," says a French writer, "par un réalisme impitoyable qui interesse, peut-être, mais qui fatigue sans charmer."

It would scarcely be out of place to deal with *La Gazza Ladra* from the historical point of view. The work has not had a hearing for a time which, in these fast days, is an age; and it can boast of a career distinctly worth recording, beginning on that night in 1817 when the Milanese went mad with enthusiasm, and continuing through the generations that saw the opera associated with every great "light soprano," to the scene of Thursday last. A simple boulevard melodrama, with the inspired tunes which Rossini poured into it, has touched the heart and charmed the sense of many nations for nearly threescore years and ten. Surely this is something worth talking about, if only because it establishes the existence in the work of a power. Than the story of *La Gazza Ladra* none could be more

homely. Its principal character is a servant-girl, and the mainspring of its action lies in the predatory instinct of a magpie. Yet, by the wealth of its melodic beauty, by many touches of happy expression, and by skilful ministering to the most sympathetic of all instruments, Rossini's music elevates and ennobles the tale, till we recognize, not so much the action of peasants, farmers, and petty officials, as of human souls—than which there is nothing greater. That is the province of music; for the art divine is not the slave of drama, but a refulgence wherein dramatic characters shine with a light not their own. Unhappily, we have to some extent lost the power of reproducing Rossini's Italian operas, and, at the best, can only see them "as through a glass, darkly." With regard to the performance on Thursday night, it is true, both Ninetta and Pippo were in excellent hands, Mme Patti and Mme Scalchi each suggesting the glories of the time when opera singers were vocalists; but M. Gailhard (Podestà) did not show himself to the manner born, being neither a Lablache nor a Ronconi; nor were the other players, Signor Cotogni excepted, specially competent. However, it was a great deal to have the more important vocal music—as, for instance, the famous prison duet—thoroughly well sung. As vocalist and actress Mme Patti put forth all her powers, singing the touching prayer of the condemned girl with infinite pathos, and acting in the trial scene with a truth to nature not to be sufficiently praised. The applause of the audience followed her throughout. When *La Gazza Ladra* is given again every amateur who desires to drink of a natural fountain of song, and be moved by the force of unaffected art, should make a point of attending the performance.—D. T.

[The advertised performance for Tuesday night of Wagner's *Fliegende Holländer*, with Mme Albani as the absorbed and mystic Senta, was postponed, on account of the indisposition of Sig. Ravelli, *Faust e Margherita* (Gounod's, be it understood), with the same sympathetic lady as the heroine, being substituted—a change for the better, it must be cheerfully admitted. *La Gazza Ladra* is to be given again to-night. Hurrah!—Dr Bfänge.]

JENA.—The Protestant Theologian, Professor Carl August Hase, lately celebrated his sixtieth anniversary as doctor and teacher in the University. In honour of the occasion, Franz Liszt dedicated to him a new arrangement, for mixed chorus, organ, and trombone, of the chorale, "Nun danket alle Gott," which will be sung for the first time at the next sacred concert of the Singakademie and the Academic Vocal Association.

THE THEATRES.—The holiday season has set in among the West-end theatres. Toole's closed on Saturday night, not to be re-opened by the popular comedian himself till December next, and the present week is the last during which the Vaudeville, the Court, Drury Lane, the Avenue, and the Princess's remain open. On Saturday night also *Pluck* closed its brief career at the Adelphi. Summer audiences, including as they do a large proportion of country visitors, are proverbially easy to please. Accordingly, several of the theatres which have been, or are about to be, vacated by their regular occupants have been taken for the production of pieces not likely at other times to secure the support of West-end playgoers. Miss Genevieve Ward's withdrawal from the Olympic has made way for the so-called "Beatrice Comedy Company" to appear in an emotional play of East-end origin, entitled *The Wages of Sin*. The Avenue Theatre is to be given up to an American variety entertainment; Toole's is to see a course of Robertsonian comedy, beginning with *M.P.*; and at the Vaudeville a scratch company are to revive *Confusion*, a farcical piece, which was played with marked success at a *matinée* two months ago. At the Surrey the provisional management produce, under the title of *Recommended to Mercy*, an adaptation by Mr J. Wilton Jones of Miss Braddon's novel, *Joshua Hagaril*. The present run of *The Rivals* at the Vaudeville will extend to 226 nights, a number of representations double that attained by the comedy on any previous occasion. Next month Mr Wilson Barrett and the Princess's company resume the performance of *The Silver King*, the popularity of which is still great, and it is probable also that at the Comedy Theatre *Rip Van Winkle* will serve to open the winter season. Mr Irving remains at the Lyceum till the end of the present month, reviving meanwhile *Hamlet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Eugene Aram*, *The Belle's Stratagem*, and *Louis XI*. Afterwards the Lyceum will be occupied by various American players of note, the first of whom to appear will be Miss Mary Anderson. For this lady's *début* the character of Parthenia in *Ingomar* has been chosen. Of new plays in prospect for the autumn and winter, the principal announced are melo-dramas by Mr G. F. Rowe, Messrs Sims and Pettitt, and Messrs Jones and Herman, at Drury Lane, the Adelphi, and the Princess's respectively.—*Times*.

A COMPOSER AND HIS FAMILY.*

(Concluded from page 421.)

Lucile, the second daughter, she who sits there at her father's feet, belongs to another order of being, and is all energy. "To prevent her from working," said Grétry, in after years, "was to kill her. Her brain was always precocious, and her features in movement." Although but thirteen years of age, Lucile is engaged upon an opera, for which the words have been written by Sedaine, who prepared the book of *Richard Cœur-de-Lion*. *Le Mariage d'Antonio* they call the child's work, and at it she labours with the impetuosity of an ardent nature. If we could look into Grétry's diary, lying on the desk yonder, we should see some such entry as the following: "She is just the same (that is to say, impetuous) when she composes. She touches her harp with anger, and is irritated at finding nothing. I cry out to her, 'So much the better; it is a proof that thou wilt not produce mediocrity.' When she has found that which she seeks she runs to me: 'Look!' she says, 'I have finished that diabolical piece!' 'All is diabolical in art,' I answer, 'when one feels the truth and wishes to express it; the lightest air is as difficult as the grandest scena.' She trembles while I examine her work, but I take care not to point out all the faults at once, and risk extinguishing the sacred fire. On the morrow I say: 'I have thought over that piece; it is better, perhaps, to change here or add there. What dost thou think? Let us try both ways at the piano.' 'Yes,' she responds, 'thou art right. How happy thou art in finding all at once what is best!' 'That is true,' I answer, 'but I have been searching for thirty years.'" Good fortune awaits *Le Mariage d'Antonio*. It will be produced in public on July 9th, next year (1786), and not only have a run of nineteen nights, but be crowned with the honour of a revival in 1787. At present, the proud father is scoring the opera for his child, and thinking, perhaps, of the letter he will write to the *Journal de Paris*, setting forth on the day of performance all the facts concerning the authorship. Looking farther into the future, we see Lucile engaged upon another opera, *Toinette et Louis*, which has its first hearing in March, 1787, and meets with rare success. The public are charmed with the child-composer's music, and applaud with enthusiasm the following lines:—

*"Jeunes rosières, jeunes talents,
Ont besoin du secours du maître,
Un petit auteur de treize ans
Est un rosier qui vient de naître.
Il n'offre qu'un bouton nouveau
Si vous voulez des fleurs éclores.
Daignez étayer l'arbrisseau,
Quelques jours vous aurez des roses."*

It is not difficult to imagine how Grétry loves this gifted child, in whom he sees promise of his own genius. Doubtless, sitting there and looking down into her fair young face, he weaves for her the web of a splendid destiny. Day dreams all, alas! We can see deeper into the horoscope than the proud father, and discern a dark shadow projected across her path—the shadow of a man who presently will come a-wooing, and blight the life he swears to cherish. The lover is one Marin, son of a rich banker. He can give poor Lucile wealth and station, which is nearly all that Mme Grétry cares about. Parental influence, therefore, backs up the suitor's pretensions, and the marriage takes place; Grétry himself cherishing a belief that his daughter is really loved. The grim truth comes out soon after the wedding. Marin, brought up under a tyrannous paternal rule, has taken a wife only to escape from it, and in turn becomes a tyrant; nay worse than a tyrant. He neglects his wife for other women, and she, poor soul, too proud and too honourable to take revenge in kind, slowly pines away. So pass two wretched years, and then comes the end. Looking into the horoscope, we see Lucile on her death-bed, near which stand her father and mother, and her well-beloved sister, Antoinette. She speaks to her mother: "You thought that wealth would suffice for my happiness. Oh! how you deceived yourself! For two years I have done nothing but sigh, and my sorrow was the greater because I felt that it was useless to complain. I would preserve my dear Antoinette from the cruel and unsupportable torment to which the neglected wife is condemned. Promise not to make my sister a second victim. She loves; she is loved; her choice would have been mine. Promise me to sanction it." Overcome with remorse, Mme Grétry gives the desired assurance, and a smile of happiness irradiates the dying face. That night, Lucile passes away; thinking of the sister who has gone before. Her last words are "Ah! my poor Jenny!"

Now let us turn to Antoinette, god-daughter of the Queen of France. She is seated on her father's knee, toying with the curl of

his wig, as her lively tongue pours forth artless prattle. The days of happy childhood are hers now, but, going in advance of time, we see her left alone, the one hope of the house, the passionately adored of her bereaved father. Gracious and beautiful, Antoinette is fortunate in love, for a real attachment exists between herself and M. Bouilly, Grétry's literary colleague in *Pierre le Grand*. To all seeming a joyous future is assured, and her formal betrothal takes place before starting on a visit to Lyons, in company with her parents. That journey marks the beginning of the end. The river Saône is flooded at a certain point, an accident happens, and Antoinette falls into the stream. Her agonized father plunges in after her, and, seizing her dress as she is borne past, manages to bring her safe to land. But the shock kills the fair young girl. Consumption develops itself rapidly, and her lover notes a change as he welcomes her back to Paris. "Her voice so sweet to my ear," he writes, "seemed veiled, her respiration short. I put it down to emotion at our meeting. But her blue eyes were less brilliant, and her complexion, of an incomparable freshness, seemed paler, as though with the fatigue of travel. More than all, however, it distressed me to see in this angelic creature a forced gaiety which her whole appearance denied. She strove to hide her suffering state."

The fell disease will have its way, and the poor child knows that her doom is sealed; but always she seeks to reassure her father and lover. Time comes, however, when the pathetic deception cannot longer be kept up. Antoinette takes to her bed, near which the father, with his heart breaking, has a spinet placed, that he might play to her the themes of the opera (*Guillaume Tell*) in hand. The last scene of all is inexpressibly touching. The dying maid sees her departed sisters at the bed-side, and addresses them in the most endearing terms, goes through with them the happy episodes of their common childhood, and pleads that never again may they be parted. Coming out of her delirium, she takes the hands of her parents and gasps, "I am going, but I do not fear death. What will become of you?" Then she expires, with a smile upon her lips; and Grétry is childless.

One more glance into the future shows the now happy father a silent and melancholy man, who is never known to smile. He is still the successful composer, but to every congratulation he answers: "That for which I formerly desired success exists no longer. All is the same to me now." He is fond of gazing upon three small portraits, and will show them to visitors, remarking, with a pathos worthy of Shakspeare's Lear, "Behold, three ingrates who have left me!" On September 24th, 1813, the French Empire falling to ruins about him, Grétry lies dying in Rousseau's Hermitage at Montmorency. He has long been motionless on the bed, but suddenly he rises with outstretched arms and radiant face. No word escapes him. The awe-struck watchers believe that he sees his children.

Nothing of all this does the happy family group in the Rue Poissonnière anticipate. From father and daughters alike the future is mercifully hidden. Let us softly retire, and leave them to the enjoyment of each other's love.

JOSEPH BENNETT.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The annual distribution of certificates to successful competitors at local examinations held during the year in connection with the Royal Academy of Music was made on Thursday, July 5th, at the Town Hall, Manchester. Mr John Wrigley, local representative of the Royal Academy of Music, read his report, in which he stated that these local examinations were designed expressly for students. The certificates were not a licence to teach music, but were given in each case to show the satisfaction of the examiner at the student's performance. The examinations were held once a year, during the Lent term, and the candidates entered for various subjects. In 1881 the total number of those who entered was 902; in 1882, 1,254. During the past, which was the third, year the number was 1,729—a very satisfactory increase—(applause)—and strong evidence in favour of the growing popularity of these examinations throughout the country. Of the 53 centres into which England, Scotland, and Wales were divided, Cheltenham headed the list in honours awards with 18; London came next with 17; and Manchester next with 10 (applause). The total number of candidates successful throughout the country in 1881 was 554; in 1882, 841; and this year 1,064. Last year the number of candidates in the city was 59 and this year 105—a gratifying increase (applause). The successful honours candidates were the same number as last year—10; and the pass list numbered 50. In a letter he had received from the examiner (Mr Frederick Davenport) that gentleman requested him to make known at the meeting that he was highly satisfied with the result of the teaching at Manchester, saying that a great improvement was noticeable in technical matters.

* From *The Lute*.

CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 415.)

XVI.

While, notwithstanding the immense talent displayed by him in this respect, Cherubini had met in the theatre rivals and fortunate emulators, while he had been obliged to reckon with men of the calibre of Méhul, Berton, and Boieldieu, not to mention Catel and Nicolò, it may be said that, in the field of sacred music, he knew no rival, defied all possibility of comparison, and, from the first, exercised an immense, brilliant, and uncontested supremacy. His incomparable genius made itself felt, even at the outset, with such power and such astounding authority, that not only France but the whole of Europe paid him homage, and a long cry of admiration and enthusiasm arose from all parts of the civilized world to proclaim him the most sublime composer of sacred music in the XIXth century. The nobleness and majesty of his style, the wealth and magnificence of his inspiration, the elegance and purity of the language employed by him, the power he succeeded in imparting to expressive sentiment, the novelty he introduced into the melodic forms as well as into the instrumental framework and colouring, his harmonic audacity, which, however, never caused him to deviate from the most severe rules, and, lastly, his prodigious skill in the art of writing and his marvellous knowledge of effect, all contributed to excite astonishment and strike men's minds with most profound admiration.

Referring to the age which Cherubini had reached when he assumed the direction of the Chapel Royal, Fétis expresses himself in these terms with regard to what the composer then accomplished:

"This age is rarely the age of activity, but the illustrious artist's labours formed a very remarkable exception to the rule. The mind is struck with astonishment on seeing the catalogue of his productions at this period of his life. The ordinary service in the chapel of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. consisted of a low mass, during which the choristers sang various pieces not allowed to exceed in length the mass repeated by the priest. This obligation was new to Cherubini, whose genius was prone to long developments. It was not without an effort that he succeeded in compressing his ideas within such narrow limits, but his prodigious skill after awhile surmounted all obstacles, and each of the pieces which emanated from his pen for the next fourteen years excited the admiration of all artists. The necessity of which I have spoken explains the shortness of the masses under the numbers 174, 196, 202, and 211 in the catalogue of his works, and under 8 in the supplement, when compared with the solemn masses in F and D minor. It was rarely that an entire mass was performed in the Chapel Royal; the whole length of the service was frequently filled up with a "Kyrie," followed by a Motet. This circumstance explains the considerable number of detached pieces shown in the catalogue of Cherubini's works. It is for this reason that we find thirteen "Kyrie" not belonging to the score of an entire mass; two "Gloria," one "Credo," nine "O, Salutaris," two "Sanctus," two "Agnus Dei," two complete litanies of the Virgin, two "Paternoster," two "Tantum ergo," and, lastly, seventeen separate Motets, more or less developed." Besides these sacred compositions, I must also mention a first four-part *Requiem Mass* with orchestra, composed for the anniversary of Louis XVI's death, and Charles X.'s Coronation Mass, two productions of the most elevated kind. Although we may object, perhaps, that the "Dies iræ" of the first is too noisy, and its forms too dramatic, the art with which the whole is written is so remarkable, and all the other numbers are at one and the same time of so melancholy and so noble a character, that we may class the work among the finest its author ever wrote. The last number, in which he has expressed with as much simplicity as depth the exhaustion of all vital sentiment and the entering into eternal repose, impresses the heart and strikes it with terror. Such a composition is the acme of art. When Charles X.'s Coronation Mass was repeated in one of the rooms of the Menus-Plaisirs, there was but one cry of admiration among those present. People were unable to believe that a man of sixty-five could possess such an abundance of youthful and fresh ideas. Hummel, who was near Cherubini, exclaimed in a transport of enthusiasm: "Your mass is gold!" He was very fond of that metal, and thought he could not accord higher praise.*†

* There are some errors in the enumeration of Fétis, who arrives at a total of 52 separate pieces, while, with Cherubini's autographic catalogue before my eyes, I make it only 48; but this in no degree invalidates the value of his reflections.

† *Biographie universelle des Musiciens*.—In another work Fétis again expresses admiration for Cherubini's sacred compositions: "Notwithstanding

I said that the admiration excited by Cherubini's sacred compositions was universal. We have just seen what was thought by Fétis, not naturally very enthusiastic for things produced in France; here is the opinion of an eminent artist, Dr Ferdinand Hiller, the excellent Director of the Conservatory, Cologne, who spent all the years of his early youth, from 1828 to 1836, in Paris, and had an opportunity not only of knowing Cherubini, but of often hearing his sacred music. Dr Hiller has published a notice, or, to speak more correctly, a kind of critical essay on the Master, and I take from it the following interesting fragment:‡

"In 1816 Louis XVIII. set Cherubini at the head of the Chapel Royal, and to this epoch belongs the composition of the numerous sacred works destined to contribute to Cherubini's fame even more than his dramatic works had contributed. A new and frivolous style of church-music had, at that epoch, replaced the severe school of the old masters. Opera had introduced a great wealth of means of expression; the charm of vocal solos and of orchestral accompaniments had become familiar and necessary. On the other hand, it was important that the grand persons who paid for the music should not have their attention diverted during the time they considered it useful to devote to God. We must consider, also, that composers were not disposed to break entirely with the artistic forms regarded as constituting the distinctive character of sacred music. They thought they could not do without fugues, since the latter were looked upon as belonging to a religious style. They forgot completely that in an edifice consecrated to religion the purest and most profound sentiments should prevail. A certain easy, comfortable pomp appears to have very well suited the ceremonies of the Church, as is still the case, and this pomp characterized the style then in vogue. Thus, the composers who clung to rules grew insipid, while those who wrote with an eye to effect became frivolous. It is humiliating to think of the quantity of sacred music written in the last part of the last and the first quarter of the present century, and to see how little of it has escaped shipwreck. Mozart's *Requiem* is almost the only precious stone to be found in a mass of rubbish.

"But from this heap of musical ruins, beneath which are interred so many great masters, Cherubini's works rise up like the Pyramids. They prove that their composer possessed all the qualities requisite for artistic perfection, and that these qualities—peculiar power of invention, independent strength, daring will, extended genius, and infallible address—were to him a second nature. The fruit of the severe studies to which he had so constantly devoted himself in his youth were now apparent in all parts of his music, and, while he employed every modern harmonic licence, that music preserved at bottom a character of austerity which, like heaven, imparted to the composition a healthy mordant. Even the necessity compelling him to confine himself within certain limits was of advantage to him, inasmuch as it prevented him from succumbing to his partiality for diffuseness. The absence of the flow of melody which we regret in his dramatic works is scarcely perceptible in those he wrote for the Church, and for this reason—because a melody, even when complete in itself, is particularly the manner of an individual. When the situation requires a *people* to express their sentiments, the principal effect must be produced by several voices; we cannot put forward an individuality; the general sentiment must be produced from several sources. There is a very real sense of what is elevated in Cherubini's nature—without always being noble, he is always dignified. He displays the greatest sentiment in pathetic situations, while in his force there is a kind of excess, and in his happy moments sometimes almost too much brilliancy and splendour. But the absence of anything like commonplaces, and the mark of true genius of which we everywhere find the stamp, keep the hearer in an elevated intellectual sphere, and, if not in respectful awe, at least in awe which produces a profound impression upon us. This is why it is

the critical observations which might be made on M. Cherubini's dramatic compositions, those works would suffice to place their author in the ranks of the most illustrious composers; yet they constitute only a part of his titles to glory. It is in sacred music that this great musician rose to a prodigious height. There, beauty of melody, dramatic conception, the most exquisite purity of style, the most profound science, and the most novel efforts, are all combined; there, by an art previously unknown, the ancient and the modern style unite to form the most perfect whole that can possibly be imagined. I do not fear to assert that, in this kind of writing, M. Cherubini has created a manner wherein he has no rival." (*Curiosités historiques de la musique*, p. 126.)

‡ This essay found a place in a volume published by the author at Leipzig, in 1876, under the title of *Musikalisches und Persönliches*; but, previous to its publication in Germany, there appeared, in 1875, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, an English translation made by Mr George Grove, the admirable musicographer, to whom we are indebted for the *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. It is from his translation that I have made mine.

scarcely possible to raise an objection to the affirmation that Cherubini is the greatest composer of sacred music of the present century. Beethoven's *Solemn Mass* cannot here be taken into account. It is a dramatic symphony-oratorio of Titanic form; the words of the mass serve in some sort as a base for it, but its place is not in a church.

"While speaking of Cherubini's sacred works, I must mention one which may undoubtedly be called the most perfect of all: the *Requiem* he composed for the anniversary of Louis XVI.'s death. This is a work almost unique in music. It is possible that Cherubini may not have reached in it the ideal beauty or the profundity of thought and sentiment, which we find in certain pages of Mozart's *Requiem*. But, as we know, that *Requiem* was not completed by its divine author; all the parts are not equally elevated; and the style wants the finished unity which gives even secondary ideas the elevated character they ought to have. In Cherubini's work, it appears that everything, as far as the words will admit, is developed out of the eternal human lamentation: "Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return." What ardent supplication! What depth of lamentation! What dread of the Last Judgment! And how, at the end, life appears to be annihilated in one long moan! In the fugue on the words recalling the promise made to Abraham and his race, the daring contrapuntist rouses himself, and not only asserts his rights, but obstinately claims them, the episode being, perhaps, necessary in order that the effect of the work might not be too terrific. This composition is truly surprising from the simplicity of the means employed; the colour of the instrumentation, and the truly vocal manner in which the voices are treated. Had Cherubini left nothing else, this alone would suffice to place every true musician under the obligation of considering him as the most extraordinary and the most sublime of composers."

(To be continued.)

THE AUBER FESTIVAL AT CAEN.

In January, 1782, M. Jean-Baptiste-Daniel Auber, "Officier des Chasses du Roy" accompanied by his wife, François-Adelaide-Esprit-Vincet, paid a visit to Caen, for he was of an artistic turn of mind, and wanted to see the interesting mediæval monuments for which the ancient city is so famous. Having duly gratified his laudable archaeological yearnings, he would at once have proceeded on the pleasant pleasure trip he was making, had he not been obliged to defer his departure by a certain joyful and not altogether unexpected event: the birth of a son, afterwards known throughout the world as Daniel-François-Esprit Auber. Although the future composer of *La Muette de Portici*, *Fra Diavolo*, and *Gustave*, quitted his natal city a few days after his birth, and never felt impelled to revisit it, Caen is none the less proud of her illustrious, though obstinately absentee, son, and accordingly resolved to celebrate with all due honour his Centenary. Owing, however, to various causes, the plan could not be carried out at the exact completion of the century, but had to be deferred until the present year. It has now been realized most brilliantly and successfully. The "Auber Festival" commenced on Saturday, 9th June, with a Grand Gala Performance in the Cirque, for it had been found that the Theatre would be far too small to contain all who desired to be present. A stage had been fitted up at one end of the building. Above it were the names of Auber and the City of Caen, surrounded by tastefully arranged flags. The programme commenced with the second act of *Haydée*, performed by the regular company of the theatre. This was succeeded by a selection, including the overture to *Zanetta*; an air from the *Cheval de Bronze*; Auber's only Violin Concerto; an air from *Actéon*; the "Tarantella" from *La Muette*; and the duet, "Amour sacré de la Patrie," from the same opera. Then came the second act of the *Diamants de la Couronne*, with M^{me} Bilbaut-Vauchelet as Catarina. The Concerto, composed by Auber for his friend, Mazas, was played by M. Danbé, also an "enfant de Caen," of the Paris Opéra-Comique, who, moreover, officiated as conductor. After the *Diamants de la Couronne* the curtain was again raised, and Auber's bust was seen crowned with laurel, and surrounded by all the artists who had taken part in the proceedings. M. Davrigny, of the Théâtre-Français, then advanced and recited the verses in honour of the great composer, which were heard for the first time on the occasion of the Centenary Performance last year at the Paris Opéra-Comique. The entire proceedings—in which, by the way, M^{lle} Richard of the Grand Opera took part—went off most suc-

cessfully, and justified the enthusiastic applause of an audience numbering upwards of 4,000 persons.

The great event on the 10th was the unveiling of M. Delaplanche's admirable white marble statue of Auber, exhibited last year in the peristyle of the Grand Opera, Paris. Speeches were delivered by various speakers, including the Maire of Caen, M. Delaborde, in the name of the Academy of Fine Arts; M. Perrin, formerly manager of the Grand Opera and Opéra-Comique, Paris; M. Charles Garnier, architect of the Grand Opera; and M. Ambroise Thomas. The venerable Director of the Paris Conservatory was so affected when he began to speak of his deceased friend, that his voice was drowned in tears, and for some time he was unable to proceed. The proceedings concluded with a chorus entitled the "Chant des Normands," written by Auber in 1851 for the inauguration of the statue of William the Conqueror, at Falaise. In the evening there was a grand banquet given by the Municipality, and attended by all the official dignitaries of the town, as well as by the artistic celebrities who had flocked from all parts to pay homage to the great national musician of France, who, thanks to the antiquarian tastes of the "Officier des Chasses du Roy," first saw the light within the walls of the old Norman town, justly so proud of the honour.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

This Evening will be performed (37th time) a Comedy in 3 Acts, called

"QUITE CORRECT!"

Sir Harry Dartford, Mr VINING,
Henry Milford, Mr RAYMOND,
Grogan, Mr LISTON,
James, Mr COVENEY,
Lady Almeria Milford, Mrs GLOVER,
Mrs Rosemore, Mrs EGERTON,
Miss Rosemore, Miss P. GLOVER,
Miss Leech, Mrs W. CLIFFORD.

After which (26th time) a Comedy, in 3 Acts, called

PAUL PRY.

Colonel Hardy, Mr WILLIAMS,
Frank Hardy, Mr RAYMOND, Witherton, Mr POPE,
Somers, Mr W. JOHNSON, Stanley, Mr DUFF,
Harry Stanley, Mrs WAYLETT,
Paul Pry, Mr LISTON,
Grasp, Mr LEE, Doubledot, Mr C. JONES,
Simon, Mr ROSS, Servant, Mr JONES,
Eliza, Miss P. GLOVER, Marian, Miss A. JONES,
Mrs Subtle, Mrs GLOVER,
Phæbe, M^{me} VESTRIS, who will sing
"The Lover's Mistake" and "Cherry Ripe."

To conclude with the Farce of The

SLEEPING DRAUGHT.

Doctor Vincolo, Mr WILLIAMS,
Farmer Bruno, Mr WILKINSON, Rinaldo, Mr RAYMOND,
Popolino, Mr HARLEY,
Gabriotto, Mr ROSS, Yaldo, Mr EBSWORTH,
First Fellow, Mr COATES, Second Fellow, Mr C. JONES,
Signora Francesca, Miss A. JONES,
Nonna, Mrs HUMBY.

To-morrow, Paul Pry, with Deaf as a Post, and Of Age To-morrow.

BAYREUTH.—(From a Correspondent.)—The *Parsifal* performances commenced, as announced, on the 8th inst. The *mise-en-scène* is the same as last year, except that the moving panorama has been shortened, so that the music written for it has not to be repeated. The performance went off very well, and there was considerable applause at its conclusion, but no sign of enthusiasm. The old excitement for these special Wagner performances is gradually dying out. In fact (like Othello's) their "occupation's gone."—Z.

DEATH.

On July the 5th, the Rev. FREDERICK SCOTSON CLARK, organist and professor of music, of 3, Princes Street, Cavendish Square.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1883.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA.

WE quote the subjoined from our contemporary *The Daily Telegraph*:

"The regretted absence of Sir Michael Costa from his place at the recent Handel Festival was naturally regarded as indicating the close of his active career. Under these circumstances many of the eminent musician's friends and admirers desire to take the opportunity of showing, in a way that shall be adequate and acceptable, the high estimate they put upon his character and labours. We believe that as soon as the idea they have formed assumes a definite shape it will elicit a unanimous and emphatic response. Sir Michael Costa, both as man and musician, eminently deserves honour. He came to England well-nigh fifty years ago young and unknown, but no long time elapsed before he achieved the highest position open to him, doing so, not by intrigue, but by sheer force of talent and integrity. From that time to the present his influence and example have served to dignify his profession, and his labours have helped, perhaps more than those of any one else, to advance the cause of music. The end of such a life-work should not arrive without the crown of cordial recognition, and the reward that some special acknowledgment can give. If, therefore, an appeal be made to Sir Michael Costa's sympathizers, it is hardly rash to anticipate for it an answer that will meet the most sanguine expectations."

That the sentiments expressed in the above paragraph will be met with sympathetic cordiality throughout the length and breadth, not only of the British Islands, but of the British Empire, wherever music occupies its merited place as the most refined and civilising of arts, may be taken for granted. How much, during a long and honourable career, Sir Michael Costa has helped to promote, and, step by step, more firmly establish its always increasing hold upon this country need not be said. That the great and popular Italian, who long ago voluntarily became a subject of the English crown, has shone conspicuous among the musical lights of two generations, must be, and is, in fact, everywhere acknowledged. What Sir Michael Costa has done, by the aid of what mental gifts and personal attributes he reached the position of a chief whose claim to absolute rule no one disputes, and how the supreme command awarded to him has been used for the manifest good of the art he so worthily represents, are questions for future discussion. Meanwhile, now that he has abandoned the exercise of his profession, and desires to enjoy a repose most honourably earned, we can only hope that the recognition of his services to art, and unblemished honour in the sphere of his activity, suggested by those who have known him intimately, and therefore can best appreciate his worth, will meet with the responsive echo that gives weight to all such testimonials of esteem. "Hope," by the way, is not the appropriate word. In such a case the result cannot for one instant be doubted.

Honour to him to whom honour is due!

W. D. D.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The competition for the Parepa Rosa Gold Medal took place on Thursday, July 5. The examiners were Signor Arditi, Signor Revignani, and Mr R. Hilton (chairman). There were ten candidates. The prize was awarded to Musgrove Tufnail.

AN EFFETE FIDDLER.



At the Modern Orchestra Club.

EFFETE FIDDLER (doubtfully).—Well, Radcliff, what's that? RADCLIFF.—"Glaubenstema" from *Parsifal*.

EFFETE FIDDLER.—Oh! "Glaubens," is it? Hum it again. RADCLIFF.—I will play it on the flute (plays on flute):—



EFFETE FIDDLER.—I don't understand. What particular key is it in?

RADCLIFF.—Well, that's a matter of opinion.

EFFETE FIDDLER.—I say, Barrett, try it on piccolo.

BARRETT.—Nonsense, Phasey can play it on euphonium. It don't suit my instrument.

PHASEY.—I'll make an attempt. (Plays, but stops short at the double-flats.) Blow it! I can't.

EFFETE FIDDLER.—So that's "Glaubens!" It can't be played. It's in no particular key. Besides, the last two bars limp a bit.

HALFPENNY.—Sainton told me at Worcester that Middleditch could play it on drums.

RADCLIFF.—Yes, but only on Berlioz drums, tuned to chromatic scale. Is that so?

MIDDLITCH.—All right. (Plays, without missing a note.)

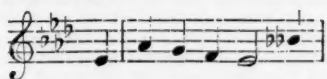
ALL (including Triangle).—Bravo Middleditch!

EFFETE FIDDLER.—I can't understand, all the same. It's in no particular key, even on Berlioz drums. I like something more or less in a particular key. Give me the overture to the *Caliph of Bagdad*. That, at any rate, is in the particular key of D. (Except Radcliff, Barrett, Phasey, Halfpenny, Middleditch, Triangle, &c.)

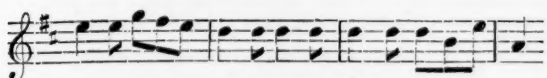
EFFETE FIDDLER (a late sitter, lighting another cigar, and ordering another glass of grog).—Humph. What's it all about? (tries to remember "Glaubenstema") :—



No, that's not it (*tries again*):—



Fiddlestick! It's in no particular key. Give me the old school. Overtures to *Lodoiska*, *Caliph*, and *Tancredi*, for instance. They are all in the particular key of D (*hums*):—



No limping or confusion of keys here, I think. (*Drops off to sleep till awakened suddenly by head waiter of club.*)

HEAD WAITER.—Three o'clock, sir!

EFFETE FIDDLER.—Oh! I must go. (*Takes hat, coat, and stick, and exits, humming promiscuously themes of "Tancredi" and "Caliph of Bagdad."*)

HEAD WAITER.—Glad he's gone, with his "particular key." Wish I'd got a particular key to lock him out altogether, the tedious old humbug! He always stays out the whole club—even that 'ere Radcliff, who about this time goes to the Bee and Bottle, where they sit up all night.

CONCERTS.

GUILDHALL.—The concert given in the Guildhall on behalf of the Royal College of Music, last Monday afternoon, had no artistic importance whatever. True, the singers and players were eminent, among them being Mesdames Patti, Tremelli, Sterling, and Frickenhans (piano); Messrs Maas, Marconi, Battistini, Carrodus (violin), and Hollman (violinello). But the work done was of the commonest character, and did not lift the occasion above the level of an ordinary ballad-concert. Particulars are unnecessary, therefore, and if given would involve a waste of space. As a social gathering and as a step in aid of the Kensington College, the affair had more significance. The ancient hall was filled with a fashionable assemblage, at the head of whom were the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the Duke and Duchess of Albany. The floral decorations were handsome, and the ceremonial had an unquestionable air of distinction. No doubt, the College funds derived considerable benefit from the receipts, and the only possible reason for regret is that, in an artistic sense, the concert afforded a notable illustration of "much ado about nothing."—D. T.

MISS EMMA BARNETT.—The recital of this accomplished young lady at the Prince's Hall on Friday afternoon, June 29th, gave further proof, if proof were needed, of her matured excellence as a pianoforte player. Upon the occasion under notice, she compiled and executed a programme which embraced every variety of form and style; illustrating, in a word, most of the great masters who have written for the instrument, and that with a spirit, a power of conception, and a technical fidelity, which could hardly be surpassed. The name of Beethoven, singularly enough, was absent from the programme, but the compensations were as various as they were interesting. Schubert was represented in his fine Sonata in A minor, and Schumann in his *bizarre* and fanciful "Carnival" group. Mendelssohn appeared in two of his most popular *Lieder ohne Worte*, Chopin in his Andante and Polonaise in E flat and other excerpts, Rubinstein in one of his ingenious Romances, Handel in a gigue from his *Suites de pièces* in G minor, Bach in a Prelude and Fugue, and Mr John Francis Barnett in certain of those spontaneous bagatelles which he contributes so frequently and so acceptably to the stores of the home student. Mention should not be omitted of a "Musical poem" by Mr D. L. Ryan, an amateur of refined and graceful taste, of which we had an engaging example. Here surely was "scope and verge enough" for Miss Emma Barnett to display her "all-round" capability as a public pianist! It is but due to her to say that, in no instance did she misconceive the intention of the composer, or fail in her interpretation of it. She was assisted vocally by Miss José Sherrington, who gave songs by Rubinstein and Tosti with taste and expression, and one of Chopin's Mazurkas (arranged for the voice and pianoforte) with brilliant effect.—H.

SIGNOR ARDITI.—The concert of this distinguished *maestro* is always one of the most brilliant that the season affords. The aspect

of the Prince's Hall on July the 3rd, when he gave his annual *matinée*, betokened the high favour in which he is held by the *beau monde*, for nothing could be gayer than the appearance of the room, nothing more liberal than the amount of patronage. The programme was similar in character to what Signor Arditì usually provides for his friends and patrons. It was made up of light materials, performed by artists of more or less repute in fashionable circles. The leading vocalist was the ever-welcome Mdme Valleria, who, in the "vocero" from Mackenzie's *Colomba* and a "Polka Cantabile" by the concert-giver, revealed all her bright and estimable qualities as a singer, and which were brought into more special prominence in the "Polka"—one of that airy class of trifles in the invention of which Signor Arditì displays so much original and graceful fancy. The other vocalists were Mdle Olga Berghi, Mdme and Mdle Lablache, Mdme Bentham, Miss Winthrop, Mdle Valerga, Signor Parisotti, Signor Vergara, Signor Papini, Signor Scovello, and Mr Clifford, who one and all sang the operatic and drawing-room popularities set down for them with no absence of that showy skill without which the music itself would be but of small account. We may further note that our own popular Mdme Rose Hersee was present, and was heard to advantage in the "Mandolinata" by Paladilhe. The instrumentalists were Signor Tito Mattei and M. Hollman, whose performances were by no means the least interesting events of the morning. In these gentlemen the pianoforte and the violinello have exponents of the highest ability, as the concert-room *habitué* has almost daily opportunity of knowing. The conductors were Signori Mattei, Denza, Caracciolo, and Romili, and the "director," Signor Arditì, who, it need hardly be said, was greeted warmly by all present.—H.

MR AND MRS F. B. JEWSON invited their friends to a *matinée musicale* at their residence, Manchester Street, Manchester Square, on Saturday, July 7. Mrs F. B. Jewson, we need hardly remind our readers, prior to her retirement into married life, was, as Miss Kirkham, a pianist of recognized eminence, and did signal honour to her aunt, Mrs Anderson, to whom she owed, we believe, her principal musical education. She opened the *matinée* with a Mazurka by Chopin, which she played as a duet with her charming daughter, Miss Alice Jewson; and it was pleasant to find that there was no diminution of her early ability, and that her executancy retained all the charm which originally belonged to it. Next in interest to the appearance of Mrs Jewson were the violin performances of her daughter-in-law, formerly Miss Dunbar Perkins, who at intervals gave examples of her finished command over an instrument now so generally and successfully affected by female amateurs. Pianoforte solos by Miss Edridge, Miss Dinah Shapley, and Mr S. Wiggins, pupils, we presume, of Mr F. B. Jewson, and a violinello solo by Mr James E. Hambleton, were among the other attractions of the *matinée*; and these, with singing by Miss Iggulden, Miss Rosa Reo, and Mrs Harvey made up a varied and agreeable selection. Among the instrumental compositions that attracted more than ordinary attention, and gave more than ordinary pleasure, were a brilliant March for pianoforte alone, the composition of Mr F. B. Jewson, played by Miss Dinah Shapley, and two movements from an interesting trio for pianoforte, violin, and violinello (also the composition of Mr F. B. Jewson), admirably rendered by Miss Lucy Ellam, Miss Dunbar Perkins, and Mr Hambleton.

MISS SYNGE, a young pianist from Brussels, gave a Pianoforte Recital at Messrs Collard & Collard's rooms on Tuesday afternoon, July 10th. Miss Syngé is an excellent pianist, as well as a composer of merit. She played the following pieces:—Prelude and Fugue (No. 2, Book 1), and Gavotte and Musette (J. S. Bach); Kinderstücke, Nos. 1 and 2 (Mendelssohn); Rondo Brillante (Weber); Pastorale (Scarlatti); Impromptu, No. 4 (Schubert); Sonata Pathétique (Beethoven); Etude, No. 1 (Jensen); Novelllette, No. 1 (Schumann); Etude, No. 2 (Moscheles); and Polonaise in C Sharp Minor (Chopin), followed by several of her own compositions, including an Impromptu (No. 1), Danse Caprice (dedicated by express permission to H.I.H. the Crown Princess of Austria; *née* Princess Stephanie of Belgium), Impromptu, No. 2, The Kalakua Gavotte, (dedicated by special permission to H.M. Kalakua the 1st, G.C.M.G. King of the Hawaiian Islands). The "Recital" was varied by Mr Oberthür's playing his admired fantasia for the harp on airs from *Martha*, and Mr Gabriel Thorpe singing "Time and Eternity," the composition of Miss Syngé, as well as songs by Theo Marzials and Malcolm Lawson. The rooms were fully and fashionably attended.

THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE and her husband, Mr Tom Hohler—or, as *Vanity Fair* calls him, Mr Höhler—gave a concert at their residence, Wilton Crescent, on Thursday evening, July 5. Mdles Badia and Lablache, together with M. Diaz de Soria, were the singers. Among the company were the Duchess D'Avigliana (daughter of the hostess), Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury, &c.

MdLLE LUISA MARZIALI'S morning concert took place on Tuesday, July 9, at Messrs Collard & Collard's rooms. The concert-giver, an artist of the first rank, was assisted by MdLle Nordmann, Signors Bonetti, Susini, Denza Ria, and Mr Mhanes as vocalists; Signor Albanesi and Mr Oberthur as instrumentalists. In the programme were the names of other artists, who, however, were conspicuous by their absence. MdLle Marziali, who possesses a mezzo-soprano of fine quality, was highly successful in Donizetti's "O mio Fernando," as well as in Bizet's "Havanesa" (*Carmen*), which, after a unanimous recall, she repeated; MdLle Nordmann received deserved applause in Auber's "Quel nom al fier" and two charming German songs by Professor Goldberg (accompanied by Senor Cor-de-las); Signor Ria was effective in an air from *Rigoletto*, and Signor Susini was heard to advantage in "Infelice e tu credevi," from *Ernani*, as also in a duet from *Belisario* with Signor Ria; Signor Bonetti gave a new song by Signor Tosti, and took part in two duets with their composer, Signor Denza; Mr Mhanes sang "Si la stanchezza" (*Travatore*) with MdLle Marziali, and a Romanza by Signor Zucardi. Signor Albanesi played an Impromptu by Chopin, and, on being recalled, another piece by the Polish author. Mr Oberthur contributed his own fanciful composition for the harp, "Clouds and Sunshine," producing his usual effect on the instrument on which he is so accomplished an executant. MM. Cor-de-las and Denza accompanied the singers.

MISS LAVINIA O'BRIEN and Mr A. L'ESTRANGE gave a concert on Wednesday evening, July 4th, at the handsome residence of Mdme D'Augustini. Miss L. O'Brien, a young and clever pianist, gave Ascher's popular romance, "Alice," and Mr L'Estrange, whose performances are well known and appreciated at the Royal Italian Promenade and other concerts, a Study and a piece of his own composition, both artists subsequently playing some pianoforte duets with excellent effect. Herr Otto Leu gave a solo on the violoncello; Miss Clara Meyers sang "If only"; and Mr Joseph Lynde, a pupil of Mr Santley's, Gounod's "There is a green hill far away," doing ample justice both to the song and to his instructor. Mr John Lee, an old "Hibernian" vocalist, with a lady bearing the romantic name of *Senora Gil de Zegada*, sang the once-popular duet, by Mercadante, "Se un istante," the Senora afterwards rendering with effect Bishop's "Should he upbraid." Mr John P. Larkin gave "Qui sdegno," and Mr Warwick Gray "The Wandering Minstrel." Messrs John Cross, Brooke Mears, and Isidore de Lara (vocalists), together with M. Jaques Greebe (violinist), were announced, but did not appear while we were present. Two lady amateurs, however—Mdmes Winkworth and Green—sang Rossini's "Giorno d'Orrore." The programme was lengthy and the rooms fashionably attended. The accompanists were Mr Nicholas Mori, Mr John Lee, and Signor Romili.

MISS MARY WARBURTON'S concert took place on Friday morning, July 6th, at Messrs Collard & Collard's concert room before a crowded and fashionable audience. The concert opened with a duet for pianoforte and violin (Beethoven's Sonata in G, Op. 30, No. 3), exceedingly well played by Messrs Silas and Mahr. This was followed by "Una voce poco fa" (*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*), capably sung by Miss Mary Warburton—Rossini's brilliant aria suiting her fresh and flexible voice admirably. Miss Warburton also delighted the audience by her rendering of Goldberg's charming song, "Bird of the Forest" (accompanied by the composer), which gained a well-merited encore. The duet, "Sull' aria" (*Le Nozze di Figaro*), sung by Miss Warburton and MdLle Alice Roselli, so pleased the audience that the singers were re-called unanimously. Mdme Enriquez, Miss Hilda Wilson, MdLle Avigliana, and Signor Palmieri also assisted by their artistic singing in rendering Miss Warburton's concert a most agreeable entertainment.

On Wednesday evening last, Mr Sinclair Dunn, Scottish tenor, gave his entertainment, "The Life and Songs of Burns," at the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution. Mr Dunn presented an interesting outline of the chequered career of the great Scotch poet, a subject so full both of humour and pathos that the mere recital of its leading incidents is sufficient to hold the close attention of an audience. The vocal illustrations with which the lecture was interspersed lent vividness and reality both to the comic and tragic features of the poet's life, from his birth in 1759, "When a blast of Januar' wind blew hawsel in on Robin," to his death, 36 years afterwards, at Dumfries, almost friendless and forgotten. The imperishable lyrics of Burns afford the widest scope for the interpretative faculty, and Mr Dunn is specially gifted in this respect, having not merely a fine sympathetic tenor voice and cultivated style, but also a power to give the light and shade so necessary to a true rendering of such songs as "My Nannie O" and "Highland Mary." Among his other successful efforts was the rustic ballad, "Corn rigs are bonnie," a harvest love song unsurpassed in any language, which was rapturously applauded and redemanded. Mr Dunn was assisted by

Mr Archibald Henderson, who sang the humorous drinking song, "Willie brewed a peck o' mant," and by a select choir who were very successful in "Duncan Gray." The accompaniments were played by Mr Cecil Goodall, R.A.M., and Master M. Dunn, a boy of about ten, whose easy command of the instrument was remarkable for one so young.

PROVINCIAL.

CHELTEMHAM.—A large company was present at the Ladies' College, on Friday afternoon, July 6, at a concert given in connection with the opening of the new organ by Dr Parratt. Miss Shinner, an old pupil of the college, played the violin. Miss Cookworth, who is about to join the teaching staff, and other ladies, took part in the performance. In the evening Miss Beale, the principal, had a reception.

IOLANTHE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")



SIR,—On Saturday, Nov. 25, 1882, I witnessed with delight, at Mr R. D'Oyly Carte's elegant Savoy Theatre, the first performance of that covert satire in guise of "an entirely original fairy opera," bearing the too suggestive title of *Iolanthe*; or, *The Peer and the Peri*, from the inseverable brains and pens of W. S. Gilbert and Arthur S. Sullivan. Charmed—nay, entranced—from end to end, I left the theatre, so impressed with both words and music that I could remember for months after every syllable of the one and every note of the other. Since that happy occasion, lured to distant regions, and deeply engaged in studying the *Conditiones Entium* as laid in plan by Francis Bacon of Verulam, and the *Effegies Rerum* as shadowed forth by Lucilio Vanini, I only within a week returned to my ancient four quarters in the City of Lud. No sooner arrived than I sped in one of Mr Hansom's two-wheelers to the elegant Savoy. Not finding Mr D'Oyly Carte—who, I was told, had gone to Cochin China with a *Patience* company, for the comfort of Emperor Tuduc under his threatened afflictions—I paid for a stall, and heard with renewed enchantment the *Iolanthe* of my constant dreams. Scene after scene, piece after piece, came back to me with a force not to be subdued; and yet there was something wanting in this July performance which, on the first occasion, so long ago, had moved me with persistent inordinance. I went home, and ruminated over the pipe that courts repose, but to no purpose. What had I missed? *Dieu sait!* I retired to bed, and shortly fell on sleep. My slumber was troubled with visions, however, peopled by the phantoms that delirium paints upon darkness. More and more restless, I tumbled from side to side, till, thoroughly exhausted, I had a dream, which I can only describe as a mixture prepared from that of Mr Gilbert's Lord Chancellor and that of Rustan, in Voltaire's *Blanc et Noir*. When at length I had fairly dozed off, I was suddenly (as I thought) aroused *en sursaut* by a giant spectre, assuming the

shapely form and figure of Mr Rutland Barrington. "I am"—said that spectre, in sepulchral tones—"Lord Mountarat! I will sing you a song wherein it shall be set forth how 'people are made peers.'" Transfixed with fright, I muttered, "Sing, oh ghastly shadow!" It sang, and each word that came from its gaping mouth stuck in the fibres of my brain, as glue on the bristling tops of erect and affrighted hairs.

Song of Lord Mountarat.

*De Belville was regarded as the Crichton of his age;
His tragedies were reckoned much too thoughtful for the stage;
His poems held a noble rank—although it's very true
That, being very proper, they were read by very few.
He was a famous Painter, too, and shone upon the Line,
And even Mister Ruskin came and worshipped at his shrine;
But, alas! the school he followed was heroically high—
The kind of Art men rave about, but very seldom buy.*

And everybody said,

"How can he be repaid—

This very great—this very good—this very gifted man?"

But nobody could hit upon a practicable plan!

*He was a great Inventor, and discovered, all alone,
A plan for making everybody's fortune but his own;
For in business an Inventor's little better than a fool,
And my highly-gifted friend was no exception to the rule.
His poems—people read 'em in the sixpenny Reviews;
His pictures—they engraved 'em in the Illustrated News;
His inventions—they perhaps might have enriched him by degrees,
But all his little income went in Patent Office fees!*

So everybody said,

"How can he be repaid—

This very great—this very good—this very gifted man?"

But nobody could hit upon a practicable plan!

*At last the point was given up in absolute despair,
When a distant cousin died, and he became a millionaire!
With a country seat in Parliament, a moor or two of grouse,
And a taste for making inconvenient speeches in the House.
Then, Government conferred on him the highest of rewards—
They took him from the Commons and they put him in the Lords!
And who so fit to sit in it, deny it if you can,
As this very great—this very good—this very gifted man?*

Though I'm more than half afraid

That it sometimes may be said

*That we never should have revelled in that source of proper pride—
However great his merits—if his cousin hadn't died!*

At the word "died" the spectre vanished, as Sir Thomas Malory has it, "in an horrible tempest." I felt an earthquake underneath me, and (methought) was about to leap out of bed; but, on awakening, I found this impracticable. The words I have quoted are on my oath the words uttered by the simulacrum of Mr Barrington, whose singing was of such a nature, both as to voice and vocal utterance, that for the life of me I can't remember a note, much less a phrase. I am glad, however, to have retained the verses; and it would not be an ungraceful act on the part of Sir Arthur Sullivan to present me with a copy of the music, which I will endeavour to sing to my friends in tones less gruff and jibbering than those of the imaginary Lord Mountarat.* Take this communication, sir, in good part, and believe me yours respectfully,

SIMON HALP.

Half Moon St., Halfminster, July 10.

SOMETHING LIKE A PROLOGUE.

A five-act tragedy, called *Toussaint L'Ouverture*, from the brain of Mr Joseph Crawley,† has a prologue, which may be recommended as a model in its way. We cannot reprint the tragedy, which would take up at least three numbers of the *Musical World*, but we cheerfully offer the prologue to the consideration of our more enlightened readers:—

The old phrase goes, that nothing succeeds like
Success. Our author, anxious to achieve
Your approval, here pleads for your kindest

* Who probably had not seen ere a rat for forty days.—Dr Blidge.

† Printed in 1873, by Waterlow & Sons.

Indulgence, and in case the dramatic
Passages, in delineation,
Prove tame, or the characters, or the phrasing
Pall, then, on our part, my brother actors
And I do pray you suspend your judgment,
The while we try our story to portray,
That our earnest endeavours may bring out
Some touch of merit; but, should our efforts
Fail, or our play not please you, we trust
Your verdict, in favour of our hero,
Who, though a negro, and born as a slave,
Did not violently revolt, but when
Set free by force of events, he rose from
Among his fellows to highest command,
And led them in the way of Liberty
And social and moral freedom; though
He was eminently a man of peace,
Yet his military successes were
Many; and his antagonists, the French,
To him accorded the name *L'Ouverture*,
For his wondrous and almost romantic
Courage and skill in opening his way
Through their forces, and taking from them all
Their strong places. He tamed the tiger-like
And fierce Dessalines, and trained him
To govern by the rule of civil law;
The kindly Christophe he schooled so
That he afterwards became the leader
And wise ruler of his fellows the blacks.
By education you know that men
Are rendered fit and proper members
For society; and Pierre Baptiste,
The negro schoolmaster, furnished the mind
Of our hero, that it enabled him,
In the fulness of time, to take his stand,
And thus secure his high position.

The facts are published in *Messieurs Chambers'*
Tract, Number One hundred and fifty-one.
On these our author this play has worked,
And you must judge if he has wisely done
To let his callow flight of fancy
Parcel out from his imagination
Some characters not in the history.*

My prologue duty so far being done,
Nothing remains but dismissal from you,
With your promise of a patient hearing.
May I retreat, to let the play begin,
In that we hope your kind applause to win?

To those who may find some difficulty in scanning the majority of these lines it will be of little use to say that they approach more nearly to the "Hendecasyllable" than others further of that measure. Take the first line, however:—

"The old phrase goes, that nothing succeeds like
(*Suc cess*," &c.).

and further on:—

"*Pas sa ges, in de lin e a ti on*," &c.;

and still further on:—

"*By e du ca ti on you know that men
Are ren der ed fit and pro per mem bers*," &c.

Had Mr Anson of the Globe Theatre seen this prologue and committed it to memory, he might, with the approval of the author of *Armada*, have smoothed in advance the cheerful asperity of a ruefully good-natured auditorium. There are, however, some lines in the play itself more or less irregular, verging occasionally on the haptacapsular, &c.

Throphilus Quere.

[The seven lines embordered (*) are intended for the serious consideration of Messrs Algernon Swinburne, Shaver Silver, and other dominating poets.—Dr Blidge.]

Ghent.—The Musical Festival went off successfully, under the direction of Waelput. The principal compositions in the first day's programme were Gevaert's "*Super Flumina*"; Peter Benoit's "*Ombre d'Artevelde*"; and a new work, *Amor, Lex Eterna*, words by Lagye, music by Samuel, which was well received.

MDME SAINTON'S VOCAL ACADEMY.

The students of this academy gave the second of their three concerts for the present year in Steinway Hall on Thursday afternoon. There was a considerable attendance of amateurs interested in rising talent, and, though the average merit displayed was not greatly in excess of that presented on former occasions, all seemed gratified by what was done. A miscellaneous selection of solo and concerted pieces, which filled the first part of the programme, served for the introduction of Mmes Henrietta Whyte and Blackwell; Misses Tenna d'Arbourn, Killik, Doyle, Foster, Moody, Wallis, Carter, and Willis. Of these ladies Miss d'Arbourn and Miss Moody made their first appearance, the one singing "From mighty kings," the other "Our home shall be," from the late Henry Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron*. Both made a successful debut, Miss Moody even receiving an encore. This artist has, besides vocal skill, so much confidence and coolness that we should not be surprised to hear of her familiarity with public work elsewhere. Most of the other ladies are well known in connection with their Academy concerts, and it would suffice to say that they showed a distinct advance upon former efforts. We must, however, make particular reference to Miss Willis and Miss Carter. The first-named, in Mendelssohn's "Garland" and "Spring cometh hither," exhibited a charming sensibility and refinement of style. She will, we trust, soon overcome a tendency to nervousness, and give her qualities fair play. Miss Carter, who possesses one of the finest contralto voices now before the public, seems to have greatly improved. Her delivery of Rossi's "Ah! rendimi" had merit such as indicated a career of usefulness and success.

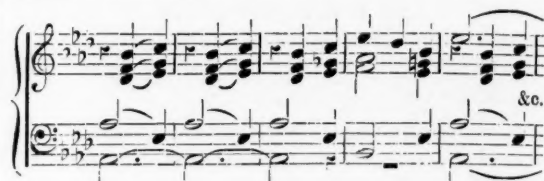
The second part was taken up by a cantata, *The Enchanted Swans*, composed for female voices, with pianoforte, harp, 'cello, and horn accompaniment, by Herr Reinecke, of Leipsic. Its story, founded upon a well-known fairy tale, is set forth in rhymed verse, which, on Thursday, was spoken by Professor Plumptre with all the art of which he is master. The musical illustrations, solo, choral, and instrumental, comprise sixteen numbers, written in Reinecke's graceful and unaffected, yet musically style. We may describe the work, therefore, as interesting, and in its way, important—sufficiently so, at any rate, to warrant Mme Sainton in producing it, and to call for acknowledgment here. The performance was a genuine treat, so well had the music been rehearsed under M. Sainton's direction, and in so finished a manner was it rendered by the trained voices of the young ladies. Entrusted to Misses Coward, Willis, Carter, and Mme Whyte, the solos obtained their due meed of applause, but the principal charm lay in the concerted numbers, as given with delightful purity of tone and perfection of ensemble. It should be added that a chorus, with solo, for female voices, "The Glove on the Snow," added to the interest of the concert as being the work of Mme Sainton-Dolby, who deserves congratulation not only on account of its general merit, but because of the very clever way in which the theme of "Partant pour la Syrie" is worked in. Mr Leopold accompanied on the pianoforte throughout the concert, and got well through a trying task.—D. T.

Parsifal at Bayreuth.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Nürnberg, July 11th.—Certain changes in the distribution of the chief parts lent additional interest to yesterday's performance of *Parsifal*. Instead of Mme Materna, Fräulein Malten played Kundry, while, for Herr Winklemann, as the Christian hero, Herr Gudehus was substituted. The new tenor has a powerful, and, occasionally, piercing voice; and, if he seems to lack the perfect simplicity and quiet dignity with which his precursor invested the part, the dramatic earnestness he displays does him credit. I should like to see a performance with Herr Winklemann as Parsifal, with, in the first and last acts, Mme Materna, and in the second act, Fräulein Malten, as Kundry. Mme Materna enters into the spirit of the Kundry we first know with genius. By her, the spasmodic movement, the helpless laughter, the sullen strangeness of the woman, are rendered most wonderfully. Those characteristics Fräulein Malten has not seized so successfully. In the first act she is subdued almost to listlessness. But in Klingsor's magic garden she is a very queen of temptation—irresistible, save only to Parsifal. Naturally endowed with charms of the highest order, Fräulein Malten exercises her blandishments with such winning grace, such keen intensity of enchantment, that, seeing her, we cannot but sympathize with the hero, and admire the fortitude of the faith in a higher mission which enables him to sustain and pass through the terrible ordeal. It were, perhaps, hypercritical to say that, on the young man's side,

the scene was enacted with a passion verging on the overdrawn. His slight tendency to exaggeration became, however, a little too pronounced in the third act, where the sacred character he is supposed to assume requires a less energetic demeanour. At a second hearing, the charm of the "Girl-Flower Chorus" is much more apparent. It reminds me of Sterndale Bennett's "Lake"—for instance of which listen to



With that exception, the music of *Parsifal* is assuredly the most individual—the most Wagnerian—Wagner ever made. And yet it is peculiarly different from any of his other works. It exalts and it depresses. It excites, and, at the same time, saddens. It sounds like the last words of one who, having done with earthly matters, speaks like a seer. In their latter years great geniuses become seers. A sort of calm presentiment comes over them, bringing visions. Is this not felt in the Adagio of Beethoven's Sonata, Opus 106? One fancies Beethoven resting on the summit of a mountain, out of the reach of the world's confused voices, and looking through the sunset at something beyond. So—if in an even far less degree—does one think of Wagner with regard to his last work. Truly, the second act is a contrast to the religious spirituality which prevails elsewhere. Tremendous with storm, and trouble, and mystery is the beginning of that second act. Then it leads to a garden laden with the intoxicating odour of poisonous flowers, which oppress the senses more and more, till—lo, at a sign, we are left in a "land of sand and thorns." The drama is throughout so luxuriant with melody, that to attempt an indication of choice passages would be absurd. Nevertheless, I shall conclude by quoting what is the most significant and most precious inspiration of all—



[How comes it, our beloved Polkaw, that your first letter has not reached this riverain? I thought you would prefer Nürnberg to the city of the Margravines and Wahnfried. It shows your good taste. If you stumble upon Hans Sachs, forget not to salute him.—Altouke of the Straight Parables.]

BERLIN.—That genuine "classical" music, as exemplified in the works of Mozart, has still its admirers here, was proved by a recent performance of *Don Juan* at Kroll's Theater, when the spacious building was far too small to contain all who sought admittance, hundreds being turned away.—A vast deal has been said and written lately about a posthumous opera, *Der Graf von St. Mégrin*, found among the papers of F. von Flotow, and declared to be his culminating effort. It now turns out to be the third of his early works, and identical with *La Duchesse de Guise*, first produced, in 1838, at a friend's country seat, and then, through the Princess Czartoryski's influence, performed, in 1840, at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, Paris. Nor was it unknown in Germany, having been given on the 24th February, 1841, at the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Schwerin, on the Grand-Duchess Alexandrine's birthday. It does not, therefore, prove that Flotow had made up his mind to abandon the composition of light music for something higher than that by which he earned his reputation. It merely shows that, being unsuccessful with serious subjects, the composer of *Martha* uniformly devoted his attention to a class of work more adapted to his capabilities.

HENRY—IRVING—HAMLET.

We copy the subjoined article from *The Times* with all the more satisfaction because Mr Irving's conception of the character of Hamlet was, from the outset, understood and proclaimed as the only possible true one by an old and valued contributor to these pages:

"The revival of *Hamlet* for a few nights brings out in strong relief the originality and thoroughness of Mr Irving's method. Numerous and varied as are the Hamlets known to the stage, Mr Irving's conception of the character differs unquestionably in many respects from all that experience or record tells us of the achievements of his predecessors. The first suggestion of a human and affectionate Hamlet we probably owe to Edmund Kean. Since Kean's day there appears to have been a tendency to revert to the more violent and mad type of Hamlet popularized by Garrick, 50 years of a more or less imitative reproduction of Kean's method having overlaid the part with "stagey" qualities. It is Mr Irving's distinction to have restored to the stage Kean's conception of this many-sided character in its main features, and to have illustrated it with a subtle play of light and shade of his own devising. The Lyceum Hamlet is clearly not a madman. As Mr Irving presents him, the enigmatical Prince is of a highly-wrought, nervous temperament, and is subject to strong and sudden impulses, but his reason is not unhinged. It is never for one moment to be doubted but that his insanity is assumed for the purpose of the game he has in hand, and that his remark, "I am but mad north-north-west; when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw," is not the gibberish of a lunatic, but a deep and sarcastic hint of his true mental condition. In all his scenes the actor cleverly indicates by tone and gesture that there is method in his madness, and that he is fooling his would-be counsellors to the top of their bent. As a necessary consequence of this reading, Hamlet's wild utterances to Ophelia are relieved by an underlying tenderness which he appears unable wholly to suppress, and his soliloquies are not mere rhapsodical declamations, but the reasoning or the thinking aloud of a deeply philosophical mind. In Mr Irving's mouth the famous speech, "To be, or not to be," is alone subversive of a mass of stage tradition. It is delivered slowly, quietly, pensively, as he is seated at a table with his head in his hand; it is a gradually forged chain of reasoning, every link of which is plainly to be perceived. Clearly indicated in his former performances, this rational interpretation of *Hamlet* is now carried by Mr Irving to its extreme limits, so that his impersonation as it stands may be regarded as the most humanized, so to speak, which the stage has ever seen. The gain to the play, it must be confessed, is great."

Whoever takes Hamlet for a lunatic must be little better than a lunatic himself. We should like to see a lunatic play with cunning diplomatists, such as Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, as Hamlet does. With regard to Hamlet's behaviour towards Ophelia, he who does not comprehend it had better leave Shakspeare alone, being unfitted to hold converse with so great a poet and so vast an intellect. Mr Irving—nay, Irving, why Mr?—has so entirely penetrated into the soul of the melancholy Danish Prince, that he is revealed to us in all his vividly portrayed humanity—in his deep resolve, no less than in his varied and fitful employment of the means through which he determines to accomplish the design that haunts him day and night. Hamlet is undecided, simply because the supernatural revelation to him may, after all, have been a device to subvert and trick his natural sense; and yet the innermost conviction of his father's brother's guilt is so strong that, as shown in his exclamation—"Oh my prophetic soul, mine uncle!"—no ghost was absolutely necessary to guide and regulate his future conduct. But all this, and more, is made plain through Mr Irving's masterly delineation. In the scenes with Ophelia, with the mother-Queen, and last, not least, with Horatio, the Prince's early friend, upon whom he leans as upon a prop, Mr Irving shows us Hamlet, the man, in various stages of emotion, the Hamlet, moreover, in whom we recognize a fellow creature, and with whom we are therefore forced to sympathize. That this consummate realization of Shakspeare's greatest and most elaborately finished character should now find unanimous recognition is a significant sign of the times and a new hope for the drama.

EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

EXCERPT No. 26.

1794.

(Continued from page 398.)

Speaking of composers reminds me of the following whimsical circumstance. A former leader of the band at one of the national theatres, who had never been suspected of possessing any knowledge of the science of music, had nevertheless sufficient ingenuity to get himself appointed by the manager to compose a moiety of the music of a new ballet of action for the theatre to which he was attached. When the new music of the leader came to be rehearsed, very much to the surprise of the band, it displayed such superior taste and science as to induce them to think they had not justly appreciated, till then, his talents as a composer. A few months afterwards, however, Mr T—, the admired German pianist, who had actually composed it for the leader, not being able to obtain from him the stipulated sum, as the reward for his secrecy and labour, to use a vulgar phrase, "let the cat out of the bag," by proclaiming the bad faith of the leader, and his own disappointment. This was afterwards termed "composing by deputy!" A discovery like this would in most men have called forth a blush; but the "composer by deputy" being, as Teague says, "not easily put out of countenance," bore it with true Christian fortitude!

At the new Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, was produced, on the 25th of April, a new musical romance, in three acts, called *Lodoiska*, composed and selected from Cherubini, Kreutzer, and Andreozzi, by S. Storace. The music of this piece is beautiful, and the overture, by Kreutzer, is one of the most fascinating compositions ever listened to. It was loudly encored. This overture became so popular, that several of our minor composers published most barefaced copies of it; while others, more wary in making it their model, disguised their plagiarisms "as gipsies do stolen children, to make them pass for their own!"

At the King's Theatre a grand performance was given on the 2nd of July, in celebration of the glorious victory obtained by Earl Howe over the fleet of the French republic. The performance consisted of the comic opera *Le Serva padrona*, with appropriate ballets; after which Mdme Banti, who had become extremely popular, sang our national song "Rule Britannia," in which she was vociferously encored, although her bad English amounted almost to burlesque! This clearly shows that fashion, like love, is blind.

Having resigned my situation in the orchestra of Vauxhall Gardens, in the middle of June I went to Birmingham, being engaged for six weeks to play concertos, &c., at the Vauxhall Gardens there. These gardens were about half a mile from the town: they were extensive and beautiful; and the proprietor of them keeping a large tavern, the company were supplied with cold provisions, pastry, &c., for supper, in as good a style as the Londoners. At Birmingham there was no transparent ham, sliced so thin, as to enable one to almost read through it; nor any quarts of wine ingeniously squeezed into pint decanters! No; the viands were of the most substantial and excellent qualities; and though last, not least, were procured at half the price. To convey some idea of the expense of living at Birmingham, at the period alluded to, it will be sufficient to state, that during my stay there, I resided in the before-mentioned tavern, where I was elegantly lodged and boarded (wine excepted) for fourteen shillings a week! The gardens were opened for the reception of the public one night in the week, with a concert of vocal and instrumental music; in which I played concertos on the oboe with universal approbation. I also accompanied Mrs Martyr, of Covent Garden Theatre, in the song of "Sweet Echo"; and the situation of the gardens being such as permitted me to be concealed from view whilst making the responses to the voice on the oboe, the effect it produced called forth a tumultuous encore. Indeed this song was so great a favourite, that on one occasion, rain coming on just before the concert commenced, it was proposed by the audience to the proprietor, that if he would let them have that song only they would not require to have their money to be returned, which was the custom when the weather proved unfavourable at that part of the evening. Their request being complied with, after listening to "Sweet Echo" twice, they departed highly gratified. In accordance with the terms of my engagement, I had a benefit clear of all expenses, and being favoured by my Vauxhall friends near London with a loan of decorations, which had been used in their gardens for that occasion, I was thereby enabled to make a pretty display in compliment to Lord Howe's late glorious victory, and had an attendance of fifteen hundred persons, amongst whom were most of the principal residents in Birmingham and its vicinity. The opulent inhabitants of that city are great admirers and promoters of music, whose tones were first regulated by Pythagoras from the vibrations of a blacksmith's anvil. In the winter they have subscription concerts. Their spacious and elegant theatre, in which a London com-

pany of singers and actors perform, is open in the summer; and in the autumn they have occasionally grand musical festivals for the benefit of their hospitals and public charities. Whilst remaining at Birmingham I received polite attentions from several leading persons, particularly Mr H—n, an old gentleman, who had been a manufacturer, but had retired many years since with a large fortune. He was a plain good sort of man, but had a peculiar mode of expressing himself, generally ending his speech with the words "such as it is." The first time I visited him, on entering the dining parlour to partake of an excellent dinner, he desired I would sit next to him, adding, "Mr Parke, you see your dinner—such as it is." When the meal was finished, and the dessert and wine were placed on the table, he recommended to me some port wine which he had in bottle fifteen years, saying, "Pray don't spare it, for you are heartily welcome to it—such as it is." Having a concerto to play at Vauxhall that evening, I was compelled to depart rather early, and on rising to take my leave, the old gentleman said, with great kindness, "Mr Parke, I am sorry you are going so soon, for I should like to have more of your company—such as it is."

The King's Theatre opened for the season on December the 6th, with the new comic opera of *L'Amore Contrastato*. In this opera Signor Bonfanta made his first appearance in England, as *primo buffo*, in the place of Morelli, who held out for an increase of salary. The performance of Bonfanta was a failure, which afforded pleasure to no one except Morelli, who was watching the progress of the attempt in a corner of the pit.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL NOTES.*

THE MELODISTS.—Next Thursday will be quite a gala day with the Melodists' Club, for besides a host of eminent vocalists, Liszt, Ole Bull, and Lazarus will be present, and, of course, delight the company by performing on their respective instruments.

MR J. B. CRAMER arrived in town on Monday from Paris, on a visit to his relations and friends. The King of the French presented to Mr Cramer the decoration of the Legion of Honour, in compliment to his eminent talent as composer and performer on the pianoforte.

PRINCE ALBERT has presented Mr Bishop with a very elegant piece of plate in testimony of his Royal Highness's approval of the manner in which Mr Bishop conducted the performance of ancient music on the 29th of April, which was under the direction of the Prince.—*Morning Post*, May, 1841.

* Delayed in transmission.—Ed. M. W.

WAIFS.

Therèse Théo returns in the spring to America.

Levy, the cornettist, is playing in Philadelphia, U.S.

Ferrari, the new manager of the Milan Scala, has taken the theatre for two years.

Teresina Singer is in Palermo, where she derives much advantage from the baths.

A new musical and theatrical periodical, *La Armonia*, has been started in Madrid.

Verdi and Mme Verdi are staying, for the benefit of the warm springs, at Montecatini.

The Teatro Goldoni, Leghorn, repaired and re-decorated, will open with Verdi's *Nabucco*.

Two theatres in Rome, the Apollo and the Argentina, are now provided with iron curtains.

Professor Julius E. Bernhard, of the Conservatory, Dresden, died in that city on the 24th ult.

Tamberlik and company are at Carthage, where they remain to the end of the present month.

Joseffy, the Hungarian pianist, has undertaken a lengthened concert-tour in the United States.

Two theatres, the Teatro Colon and Politeama, are at present open in Buenos Ayres for Italian opera.

The Mexican papers speak in high terms of a young Indian pianist, who played recently at Toluca.

"Paganini Redivivus" has not made an ineffaceable impression at the Teatro del Principe Alfonso, Madrid.

Don Carlos, *Carmen*, and *Le Prophète*, three novelties for Chili, will be performed in Santiago this season.

Wagner's *Parsifal* is to be "recited" during the winter at Albert Hall, under the direction of Mr Joseph Barnby.

The Silesian Musical Festival was not a pecuniary success, but the deficit, 10,000 marks, was paid by Count von Hochberg.

A series of weekly concerts is being given at the Villa Eugenia, Biarritz—Gayarre, the Spanish tenor, being among the singers.

Franz Xaver Steiner, known in Germany as a performer on and writer for the cithern, died on the 17th ult. in Munich, aged 44.

In consequence of the refusal of the Municipality to vote the usual subsidy, the Teatro Apollo, Rome, remains closed this season.

The Society of German Dramatic Authors and Composers, which numbers 233 members, will hold a general meeting on the 15th inst. in Leipzig.

Caroline Salla, the heroine of Ambrose Thomas's *Françoise de Rimini* at the Paris Grand Opera, has accepted an engagement for next winter at Monte Carlo.

Bernhard Schick, organist at the Church of the Cordeliers, Erfurt, has written an oratorio, *Luther in Erfurt*, recommended for performance at the Luther Jubilee.

Emma Nevada, the new Parisian favourite at the Opéra-Comique, has gone with her father to Aix-les-Bains. The Colonne Orchestra is playing at the same fashionable watering-place.

Mr F. H. Cowen is invited to conduct his oratorio, *St Ursula*, at New York, on November 22, and is commissioned to write a new choral work for next Birmingham Festival.

Turolla's benefit at the National Theatre, Prague, drew a large and enthusiastic house. After the performance the young artist was accompanied to her residence by a crowd of admirers.

The concert tour of the "*Nibelungen Orchestra*," under Anton Seidl, which was to have extended through Austria, Germany, and Europe generally, having proved a complete failure, the Orchestra is disbanded.

At the inauguration of the Monument to Victor Emanuel in Parma, one of the principal pieces performed was a "March for Three Bands," written for the occasion by Bandini, composer of the opera, *Eufenio da Messina*.

The marriage of the Ven. Henry W. Watkins, Archdeacon and Canon of Durham, with Miss Mary Margaret Kate Thompson, daughter of Sir Henry Thompson and Lady Thompson (Miss Kate Loder), took place at the Savoy Chapel on Saturday, July 7. The Bishop of Durham officiated, assisted by the Deans of Windsor and Wells, and the Rev Henry White, chaplain of the Savoy; and an address was given by the Rev. Canon Barry.

Resolutions cordially approving of the movement for promoting the use of the National Anthem in India were unanimously passed at a meeting in Grosvenor House, the anthem, as translated into Hindustani, Sanskrit, Guzerati, and Bengali, being sung during the proceedings. Lord Mark Kerr stated that the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh had become patrons of the School of Music at Poona.

COPENHAGEN.—A three days' Singers' Festival is to be held here in the beginning of August. The programme will consist chiefly of works by Danish composers. Gade and E. Hartmann have written pieces for the occasion.

BAYREUTH.—Yesterday was a great day at Bayreuth, which witnessed the performance of Wagner's *Parsifal* in the enormous theatre, perfect of its kind, of the master's own creation. The audience numbered about 900, and included many foreigners, especially English and American. About forty representatives of the Press, in the shape of musical critics, were present. The reception of the piece seems not to have been quite so enthusiastic as when the music was first given. Wagner-worshippers from all parts of the Continent made a pilgrimage to Bayreuth. According to what professes to be a telegram in the *Börsen Courier*, from Bayreuth, Herr von Hülsen, Intendant of the Royal Theatres at Berlin, has purchased, for the sum of 20,000 marks, or £1,000, from Herr Angelo Neumann, the right to perform the *Ring of the Nibelung* tetralogy. It seems, however, that the heirs of Wagner contest Angelo Neumann's right to make any such bargain, and it is expected that the question will form the subject of a lawsuit.—"*Times*" Correspondence from Berlin, July 9.

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